

# OUR DUMB ANIMALS



A NATIONAL AND  
INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE ~  
"WE SPEAK FOR THOSE  
THAT CANNOT SPEAK FOR  
THEMSELVES"

U.S. TRADE MARK REGISTERED

THE MASSACHUSETTS  
SOCIETY FOR THE PREVENTION  
OF CRUELTY TO ANIMALS ~  
THE AMERICAN HUMANE  
EDUCATION SOCIETY

Vol. 54

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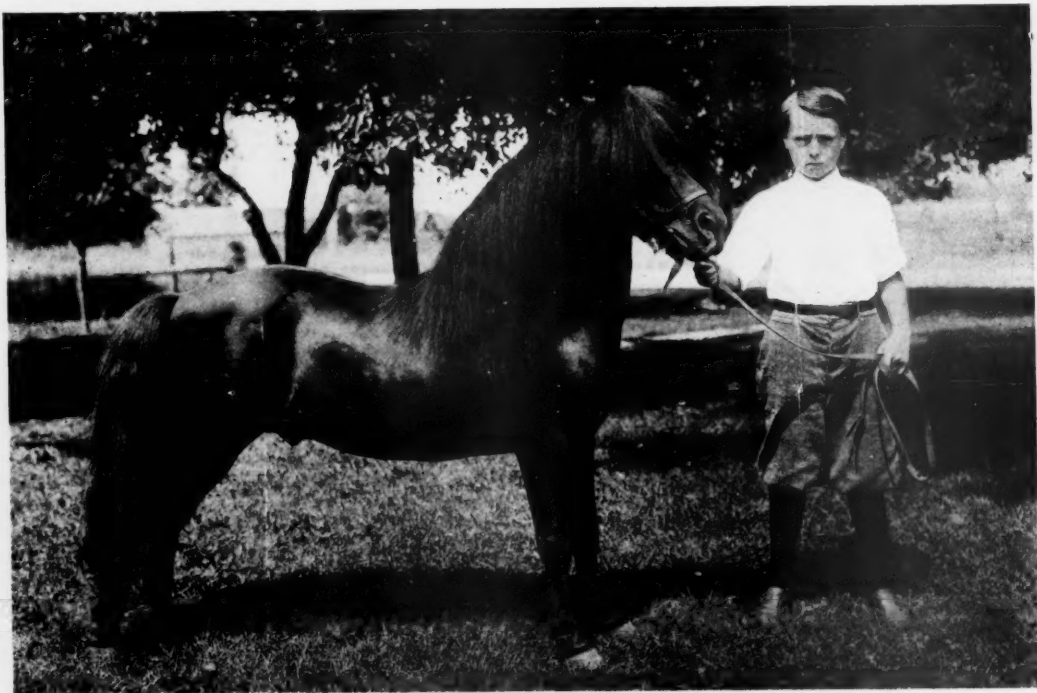
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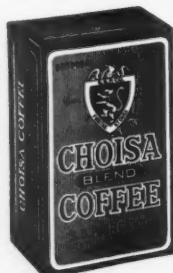
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By the Rev. Charles Josiah Adams, D. D. The Bureau  
of Biophilism. Westerleigh, Staten Island, N. Y. \$1.00.

# Our Dumb Animals

U. S. Trade Mark Registered

FOUNDED BY GEO. T. ANGELL IN 1868, AND FOR FORTY-ONE YEARS EDITED BY HIM



The Massachusetts Society  
for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals  
The American Humane Education Society  
The American Band of Mercy

I would not enter on my list of friends,  
Though graced with polished manners and fine sense,  
Yet wanting sensibility, the man  
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.

—COWPER



Published monthly by the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, 696 Washington Street, Norwood, Massachusetts

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No. 4

IT is not broad daylight by any means, but as far as reduction of armaments is concerned, it does look as if there were signs of dawn in the Eastern sky.

WHO, save possibly the munition-makers and those who get rich out of the slaughter of their fellow-men, is not profoundly grateful to President Harding for calling the nations together to see how they may lessen the chances of war.

HEAR Israel Zangwill: "To safeguard peace, we must prepare for war." I know that maxim, it was forged in hell.

A MILLION more horses on the farms of the United States in 1920 than in 1910! This is the report of the American Horse Association, gathered from the census.

THE average life of a horse on a farm, after he is three years old, is twelve years. How about the average life of a tractor?

IN the first quarter of 1921 there were sold at auction in Boston, Mass., at one stable, 5,000 horses, as against 4,000 for the same quarter in 1920. These were largely horses of the type shipped in from the West, heavy draft horses.

THE American S. P. C. A. of New York has succeeded in convicting two Italian organ grinders for cruelty to the monkeys they were taking about with them. These poor little beasts, managed at the end of a chain, were trained to dance in a way the judge considered a violation of the anti-cruelty law.

THE people who witnessed the prize fight in New Jersey, and the people who believe in such high-class "entertainments" have some distance yet to travel, we should say, along the road whose goal is civilization. Even *Life* calls it a "straight honest fight," and says "if it violated any law it was not a good law." *Life* doesn't often go over to the side of the enemies of the best.

## SECOND ANNUAL FAIR

THE Women's Auxiliary of the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital announces that the second annual Fair for the benefit of the Hospital will be held at the Society's building, 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston, on Friday and Saturday, December 2 and 3. All our friends everywhere, especially women friends, are asked to prepare and to gather as many saleable articles as they can and to forward them in good season for this occasion. The Auxiliary was organized by the women who were so successful with the Fair held for the Hospital last November.

## ATTENTION—JACK LONDON CLUB

THE following appeared, by special cable, in the *Boston Transcript*:

## Bill to Protect Trained Animals

Scandal Over Cruelties in British Theaters Causes Government to Act

London, July 30.

THE scandal of the cruelty inflicted on performing animals has become so notorious that the Government has introduced a bill tending to eliminate or radically modify animal acts in the British theaters. Witnesses before a committee in the House of Commons told of brutal treatment of trained animals, including those of a trainer who chained wild young bears and beat them over the snouts with a club; of lions jabbed by a trident while tied down, the cats being so cowed that they died under the training; of performing dogs kicked to death, and an act which a performer made a cage with a canary disappear up his sleeve, and in so doing each time crushed the canary to death.

The first attempt for such legislation was begun three years ago by the Jack London Club here in Massachusetts. For many years, however, in England there has been an organization known as the Performing Animals' Defense League. This, with the Jack London Club of the Royal S. P. C. A., formed after our plan, has evidently been active in stirring up public opinion against the cruelties connected with the trained animal business. This old wrong, old almost as man's relation to the animal world, must also die as the world moves on.

## "OUR DUMB ANIMALS"—WHAT IT STANDS FOR

FROM its name, most people would expect to find it concerned only with animals. But the man who started it, the first animal paper in the world, a half century ago, had too wide a vision not to see how interwoven are all the multitudinous threads of life. He knew that man's relation to the animal world had much to do with determining his relation to his human fellows. He knew that the child trained to be kind to a defenseless animal would grow up into a just and fair-minded citizen. Much as he was concerned for animals, he never placed them, or their interests, above the welfare of men and women and children. To him, however, it was impossible to draw any sharp line and say, "Here ends the welfare of the animal, there begins the welfare of the human." It was the humane idea that had possessed his soul; that had set him against everything that meant the suffering, the sorrow, or the degradation of man or beast. To plead the cause of justice, kindness, good will toward every living creature, to smite wrong and cruelty and unbrotherliness in all its forms—for that he founded *Our Dumb Animals*.

Who, familiar with the earlier days of this magazine, does not recall his long battle against the adulteration of foods? No man probably did more in this country than Mr. Angell to arouse public opinion on that vital question. Against militarism and war, against class hatreds, against all deeds of violence and lawlessness, against the evidently brutal forms of certain kinds of sport, against the corrupt practices of men in high places whose deeds meant injury to the weak and unfortunate—against all these foes of that common life which we all share together with the beast of the field and the fowl of the air, Mr. Angell fashioned this sword of the spirit and wielded it with an arm that never wearied.

More than ever after he organized the American Humane Education Society, in 1889, did this magazine serve him in his campaign for that better day when man's inhumanity to man and beast would prove an ever rarer exception. This still is the purpose of the publication, whose name is narrower than its mission, but whose name is known in every country of the world—an asset too valuable to be risked by any proposal of change.

# DISGUISED CRUELTY IN ANIMAL PERFORMANCES

JACK LONDON CLUB HAS WAY TO STOP IT

In July 3,368 new names were added to the Jack London Club. Membership has now reached 195,956.

Jack London Club members can make the performing animal shows both unprofitable and unpopular. That means the end of them.

"Trained" or "educated" animals they are artfully called. Pain and their memory of pain make them only surlily obedient.

SEND FOR A NEW JACK LONDON CLUB POSTER! IT DEPICTS THE TRUTH EFFECTIVELY. 15 CENTS EACH, TWO FOR 25.

TO join this Club all you have to do is to agree to do the one thing that London says will finally banish these performances from the stage, viz., get up and go out of the theater during that part of the program. Will you do it? If so, send us your name.

It is hoped all members of the Club, before purchasing tickets at any theater or place of public amusement where performing animals are ever exhibited, will ask if any such features are on the program, refusing to purchase tickets if the answer is in the affirmative.

When leaving any place because of an animal performance always let the management know why you are leaving or going out during that part of the performance, or write a letter to the management after returning home.

## If Animals Had Speech

*Spiked collars, angry words, and loaded sticks, These are the means they use to teach us tricks, And all to give to men what they call fun! How can they hope for mercy, rendering none?*

## The Bull-Dogging Cruelty

A correspondent of the *Portland (Ore.) News* says:

"I noticed in your excellent paper, a short time ago, that an effort was being made by the Jack London Club to stop the cruelty that is practised on steers at the Round-ups and Wild West shows. I refer to bull-dogging, etc.

"Any man who will mistreat a dumb creature needlessly, as these steers are treated, has no more claim on civilization than the worst cannibal tribes of darkest Africa. Any man or woman who can witness these things and be amused and entertained is even worse.

"If the Jack London Club or anyone else succeeds in having them done away with, they will surely be making a move toward civilization. I wish them the best of success."

H. NOICE

## Felicitous Words

Newbern, Tenn.

Editor *Our Dumb Animals*,

My dear Sir:

Please enroll my name as a member of the Jack London Club.

Your splendid publication has been received



A YOUNG ARTIST'S CONCEPTION OF CRUEL ENTERTAINMENT

regularly at this office since the writer was a mere lad, and the reading of it for more than a score of years had made me at heart a member of the Jack London Club years ago.

I do not only pledge myself to be a loyal member of the Club, but will use my publication for its advancement.

I would be very glad to receive literature regarding the Club.

With very best wishes, I am

Very truly yours,

LEON P. GLASS

Editor, *The Tennessean*

## "Hideous Cruelty"

Every dog you see in a "trained animal act" represents at least five other dogs which have been starved and beaten and otherwise tortured to death, in the effort to make stage performers of them. Every trick you see performed by stage dogs was learned by means of torture, says Albert Payson Terhune in *The American Boy*.

Think of that, the next time you feel like laughing at a clown dog on the vaudeville stage. He learned those cute tricks by hideous cruelty. He makes you laugh. But his own education was forced upon him amid his screams of agony.

Remember that, please, when you see a troupe of performing dogs. Or, better still,

don't stay to see them at all. Do as I do, and get up and go out of the theater till that act is ended. By staying there, you encourage one of the most brutal forms of torment known in all the dark history of animal cruelty.

## WHY THEY LEFT THE THEATER

DAVID H. TALMADGE

IT happened not a great while ago in a western city that a man, one of a group of travelers who had gone from a hotel to a theater to while away an hour of leisure, arose from his seat and went out. Presently one of the others followed. He found the first man standing in front of the theater.

"Thought perhaps you were ill, old man," said the second man.

"Thank you," said the first. "No, I am not ill, only disgusted. That trained animal act was too much for me. I have a vivid imagination, I suppose, but I cannot get away from the thought of the process those four-legged fellows were put through before they were considered qualified to appear in public. I told the girl at the box office why I came out. I wanted to tell the manager also, but he is out of town."

"Well," said the second man thoughtfully, "there may be something in your view of the matter, but I don't quite get you. The lower animals are—well, they are lower,

aren't they? They cannot reason, and therefore they must be taught through their other senses."

"They can reason," said the first man quietly. "But, admitting for the sake of argument that they cannot reason, it becomes all the more deplorable that we, who can reason, should find pleasure in looking at tricks performed by them. It is bad enough that we must treat them with cruelty in order to meet the demands of commerce—the food supply and all that, you understand. It is not very creditable to us that we are willing to encourage the exhibition of tricks performed by unreasoning creatures. Is it, do you think? Why should we pay our money to support a branch of the show business which depends for its existence upon chained and whipped animals, shipped about the country in small boxes or cages, forced to do unnatural things by a pompous, so-called superior being in a red uniform, who smirks and bows on behalf of his performers to the applause of the thoughtless? Why, man, I know a dog up in the country that outwitted a thief, who had shut himself into a screened-in porch while he partook of the contents of the ice-box. The dog went around to a cellar window, got into the house, and chased the man out. There is a horse in my home town that led two colts from a burning stable—did it deliberately and calculatingly—hadn't been trained to do it. I have known of more than one cat that awakened the sleeping family in a burning house. And because of these and other things I have known, I cannot get away from a conviction that animals have a capacity for real suffering, apart from the purely physical. They understand. Don't you see? Looking at the matter in this way, I cannot find enjoyment in a pitiful performance such as is going on in this theater tonight. If the animals were doing something worth while—churning butter or something like that, you know, it would not be so bad, perhaps, but they are doing nothing but stunts, most of which they do not like to do because they are out of their natural line, and several of which they are forced to do through palpable fear of punishment. What is the matter with folks anyway? Are we really the superior animal? If so, what is the meaning of superior? What is it in us that finds enjoyment in the antics of a whipped, terrified, and cowed animal? Do you reckon it can be the lower animal in us seeking its level? I, for one, like to believe myself worthy of better things, that's all."

There was silence between the two for a moment. Then the first man spoke again.

"Don't let me keep you, old chap," he said. "Go back and see the show. I'll drift over to the hotel and read."

The second man grinned. "I reckon I'll drift along with you," he said. "You've spoiled that show for me."

#### A HORSE'S EPITAPH

*SOFT lies the turf on these who find their rest  
Beneath our common mother's ample breast.  
Unstained by meanness, avarice, or pride,  
They never cheated, and they never lied.  
They ne'er intrigued a rival to displace,  
They ran, but never betted on the race;  
Content with harmless sport and simple food,  
Boundless in faith and love and gratitude;  
Happy the man, if there be any such,  
Of whom his epitaph can say as much.*

LORD SHERBROOKE



STARBAT STRONGHEART

Courtesy of Dogfou

Owned by Mrs. Florence B. Ilch, Red Bank, N. J.

#### BRUCE

ELEANOR ECOB MORSE

**B**RUCE was a Scotch staghound. He was born in the kennels of Queen Victoria at Balmoral, and was sent, while very young, to a lady in America, who was at the head of a seminary for young ladies.

Here he was introduced to an entirely new life. There were no wild, free, gorse-covered hills, no cry of the hunt in the keen morning air, no men, boys, dogs. Instead, the parlor, the small city garden, the decorous walk with his mistress, the young ladies, and the luxurious food.

A circle of cooing, admiring girls, petted and caressed him and talked love-talk to him until he began to understand it. He was so tall that he could not lay his head in your lap, so he would lay it on your arm, and look straight into your eyes with seemingly perfect comprehension of your speech. His obedience was perfect. A low word was enough.

My husband used to say that he had the soul of a gentleman. His circle of friends was small, but to them he was most loyal, his great luminous eyes responding with love untold, to the love and kindness of his friends.

After a while his mistress, thinking him too large for her establishment, parted with him to a friend of mine. Here there were three rollicking boys, plenty of room, free runs to the country and summer trips to the Adirondacks, where he was free to go back to his natural life. To see Bruce leap a high fence was a delight. He would go over it as easily and lightly as a bird.

The family room of his new home was the library, and he was fond of stretching his full

length in the middle of the room and was often in the way.

His mistress, a sweet-voiced woman, would say, "Please, Bruce, move, you are so large." One day, tired of his persistent choice of the middle of the floor, she said, somewhat impatiently, "Bruce, you are a nuisance, I wish you would go away and not come back." Bruce rose from the floor, walked in front of his mistress, looked her long and steadily in the eye, then turned and walked out of the front door.

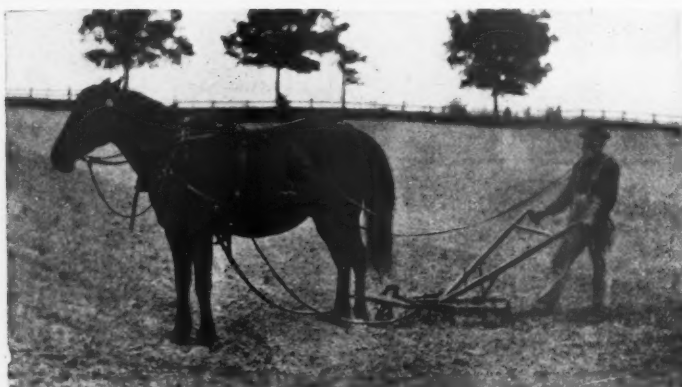
He went to a house on another street, where some boys lived, who played with his young masters. He walked in and established himself quietly in a corner. The boys were delighted; their parents puzzled. At night they put him out, and told him to go home. In the morning he was on their steps. He remained with the family two weeks. Nothing could induce him to go home. His masters, the boys, coaxed and even tried to lead him home, but he simply would not go. The boys were in despair. What! Lose their beautiful and distinguished Bruce? Perish the thought!

They finally insisted that their mother should go and make her peace with Bruce. So one morning she went to the house, where she was not at all acquainted, told her story, and asked to see Bruce.

He came into the parlor with the air of an offended prince. His mistress put out her hand and said softly, "Bruce, I am very sorry that I spoke so rudely the other day. Won't you forgive me and come home?"

The dog came nearer and nearer as she spoke and finally laid his head on her arm, and love and sweet understanding was in his eyes.

He went home, but after that, no one was allowed to make any disparaging remarks about Bruce where he could hear.



"BILLY," AFTER FIVE YEARS OF KIND TREATMENT

### A METAMORPHOSIS

MATHILDA CAMENZIND

**Y**OU could count his ribs. But you could not count on his temper, for with ears laid flat and teeth bared, he would dart at you if there was anything to eat in his manger. "Rusty Scrap Iron" our neighbor nicknamed him. His real name was "Billy," and his real age ten, in spite of his shabby, worn-out appearance. Frank bought him at the bargain price of \$40, taking a chance that proper feeding and handling would make a different horse of him.

The photograph, taken five years after we bought him, goes to prove who was right and who was wrong. Billy turned out to be a regular playmate for the children. They would climb upon his back and drive him anywhere without any danger of harm. Each morning as Frank opened the barn door Billy would whinny a glad good morning and instead of snapping at him, would playfully lift off his cap or hat when he brought in his food. Billy was a faithful worker. He would pull at a heavy load with every muscle in his body.

Billy's attachment to his master was emphasized when, after an absence of nine months, Frank returned from a trip abroad, late on a dark night. As he passed the barnyard gate he heard hoofs approaching. He reached his arm through the slats and in a low voice said, "Hello, Billy." You should have heard that horse begin to whinny in a rapid, excited joyful manner as he rubbed his nose up and down the extended arm. And when Frank passed on toward the house, Billy neighed louder and louder, and galloped back and forth along the fence. For a while we surely thought he would jump over, and Frank declared it was the heartiest welcome home he had ever received.

**E**IGHTY per cent of the farmers in Alberta, Canada, who have tractors regret their investment, says H. A. Craig, deputy minister of agriculture for that province. A quotation from a letter written by a leading banker of Montana also says: "The tractor in our section has ruined nearly every farmer who has been so unfortunate as to purchase one."

**I** HAVE observed that almost all those whose labor lies in the field, and who go down to their business in the great meadows, admit the animal world to a share in the faculty of reason. It is the cabinet thinkers who construct a universe of automatons.

RICHARD JEFFRIES

### GEORGE CATLIN AND HIS HORSE, "CHARLEY"

JOHN P. TROWBRIDGE

**G**EORGE CATLIN, the most noted painter of Indian life in the far West, was born at Wilkesbarre, Penn., on July 26, 1796. When he was only one year old the family moved to Broome County, New York, his mother carrying him before her on a horse forty miles over an Indian trail to their new home.

The boy Catlin grew up with his mind filled with the stories of frontier life. It seems that he inherited a love of art from his mother, and after pursuing this inclination through his youth, he was admitted to the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts. A large delegation of Indians, passing through Philadelphia at that time on their way to Washington, attracted his attention. Their painted robes, eagle feathers, the splendid color and classic dignity of form and feature, appealed strongly to him and, from the year 1829 to the end of his life in 1872, Mr. Catlin pursued with single-hearted enthusiasm one object, which was to discover the history and customs of the American Indians, and to preserve in pictorial illustration the results of such discoveries.

For a long period George Catlin owned a horse, named "Charley," a brave and remarkable animal, which shared with him all the adventures of the wilderness. To mention one instance only, he carried his master 500 miles, from Fort Gibson to the Missouri River, the journey being made alone over an unbroken prairie. In his book, "Life among the Indians," Catlin says: "With no other companion than my affectionate horse, I entered upon a boundless sea of waving grass, over which my proud Charley pranced and galloped along day after day for twenty-five days in succession. We had established a sort of language between each other that was very significant, and which helped to break the awful monotony of a solitary campaign on the prairie. In the middle of one night I was awakened to find him leaning over me, with his fore feet on the very edge of my blanket, guarding me from all harm."

*WE live in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not breaths;*

*In feelings, not in figures on a dial.*

*We should not count time by heart-throbs. He most lives*

*Who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best."*

### AFTERNOON ON KIDD ISLAND

FANNY RUNNELLS POOLE

*THE friendly trees lean out above the tide,  
Soft'ning the grim rocks of the island side.  
Across the inlet, children at their play  
Suffuse with cheer the autumn holiday.  
The season's beauty round my heart entwines;  
Swallows make merry in the clinging vines,  
A kingfisher, that dives anon, for food,  
Accords with me that God's fair world is good,*

*Rise, Heart, to meet the years with fearless eyes,  
Be glad and brave, awake to new emprise!*

### A TRAGEDY OF BIRD LIFE

ELIZABETH CARPENTER

**T**HE buds on the soft maple in front of my office window were swelling under the warm rays of the early April sun. Spring was coming!

I saw two robins fitting among the boughs of the maple, stopping now and then and looking askance, as if trying to choose a place for a home. Then both of them began to carry sticks, straws, strings and mud, and they started their little home between five branches that pointed in various directions. Patiently they worked, and as each bit of material was placed, they turned themselves around in their prospective home, to see if it would be of the right size.

Finally it was finished, and I said, "Spring is here!" After that, however, snows and rains and frosts came, but the robins were not discouraged. They sat in their little home, spreading out their wings to protect it. The heat from their bodies and the warm air of bright days dried the wall, and one day the mother bird dropped an egg as blue and beautiful as the sky above. Each day thereafter she dropped an egg until there were four azure eggs in the little home. The two robins sat upon the outer wall and looked down upon the eggs with pride. It seemed that they were saying, "Two baby birds apiece will be all that we can take care of!"

Each robin in turn sat upon the eggs and kept them warm. One day I heard the rumbling of an approaching storm; lightning flashed, and there was thunder in the distance. The wind blew and the branches of the tree swayed back and forth. The male bird was sitting closely upon the nest, but the mother came and made him understand that she wanted to care for the little home. He yielded to her wishes, but lingered nearby on a branch of the tree until the storm was over.

About two weeks later, when I looked from my window, I saw four naked heads with great mouths opened wide, just above the wall of their home.

The parents brought food to satisfy the hunger of their baby robins. I wondered how they could tell which nestling got the last sweet morsel, for at every visit each little neck was stretched to the uttermost, and each mouth was spread wide open.

One day I saw downy feathers on the little heads, and pin feathers on the wings, as the baby birds were trying to look out into the big world around them. They were a happy family, for the little ones were almost ready to fly. But as I left them on Saturday afternoon the mother was still carrying food to them. I expected to see them fly on Monday morning.

When the time came and I opened my office window, I heard pitiful cries, and I saw

that the old birds were in distress. They flitted from branch to branch. The little birds were no longer calling for food—the little home looked forlorn. The parent birds would go almost up to it, then stop and make mournful sounds. Had some prowler destroyed the little family in the night time? Perhaps a hungry cat had climbed the tree and caused all this sorrow!

The afternoon was dark and gloomy. The hours passed and again I heard a commotion outside my window. Again I looked, and there sat a screech owl upon the wall of the home, eating the remains of the little birds.

The old birds left the tree the next day, but as I passed in front of a grocery store nearby, I saw the mother bird hanging from over the wall, with a cotton string around her neck.

Was it an accident? Who knows?



THE THRUSH

EDWARD HOWE FORBUSH  
State Ornithologist of Massachusetts

**T**HE young thrush shown in our illustration probably is a hermit that has at last mustered up courage enough to leave its natal nest and trust its untried sprouting pinions to the air. But, like many youngsters of the feathered tribes, it left its parental domicile before it had absorbed from the juices of the worms and bugs on which it has been nurtured enough wing strength to bear it safely into the sheltering branches of the nearby pines, and has been fain to alight on a lowly stump as the next best elevation from which to make another essay at aviation. Its tender little wings will hardly bear it up, and its abbreviated tail is too short to steer with. Mark its plaintive air and bright, inquiring eye.

Many young birds which leave the nest too soon would die were it not for the solicitous care and abundant food bestowed upon them by their anxious parents. At this tender age many fall a prey to cats, foxes, hawks, and other crafty foes of bird life, but many survive to transmute the insect pests of the trees into heavenly serene music, which lends to the forest at eventide a "peace that passeth all understanding."

## My Experience with English Sparrows

ETTA M. MORSE

**F**IFTEEN years ago we bought our present home, and at once began to set out shade and fruit trees, flowering shrubs and small fruit, enclosing all with a woven wire fence.

Our place contains six lots and is in a little prairie town where birds are not as numerous as in the more wooded sections of the country. However, since our trees and shrubbery are larger, and also trees about us more numerous, the birds are coming in greater numbers and greater varieties than in the earlier days.

The first feathered friends to build in our yard were two English sparrows, and very welcome they were.

They found a convenient place above a shed window and we could watch them at their work when we were in the kitchen or on the porch.

After the little birds were hatched, the parent birds were busy all day long carrying worms and insects from the garden and orchard. They seemed to keep busy raising young most of the summer, and so must have done a great deal of good disposing of the pests as food.

To be sure, they scolded our cat unmercifully, if he so much as stepped foot on their side of the house, and tried to drive us away if we came too near their precious nest, and the babies were rather noisy at times, otherwise they were very peaceable neighbors.

Each year since they or their descendants have used that same nesting place. They no longer scold us or the cat. I think they must know that he has lost his teeth and cannot harm them, and that we are their friends.

One spring some sparrows found a way to get inside the screened porch, and had a nest finished before we noticed it. Of course we had to tear it down, but we put up a box outside at the end of the porch, and they at once made use of that and still nest in it.

This year another pair of sparrows have nested behind a vine.

Great numbers of large moths came to town this spring and the sparrows have been very busy catching them.

Most of the birds fly south when the cold days come, but our little English sparrows work for us the year round. When they cannot find insects they eat quantities of weed seeds. A few days ago I saw a sparrow eating mouthful after mouthful of dandelion seeds. I have to fight dandelions all the time to keep them out of the lawn, so I was glad to know I have an ally.

I have read many times that the English sparrows drive away other birds. Never have I seen our English sparrows doing this.

Early this spring, mourning doves, purple grackles, and robins built nests on the place, and successfully reared their young.

A pair of brown thrashers nested near by, but brought their young ones inside of our fence the third day after they left the nest, and kept them here for three weeks. These birds were all on friendly terms with each other, and with the three sparrow families.

The only friction that ever occurred was when a purple grackle would happen to alight on the tree which held the robins' nest. The robins would immediately drive him away.

A little later in the season some yellow warblers built in a shrub not far from the sparrows' nests. Some catbirds, Arkansas

kingbirds, and yellow-billed cuckoos also had nests here. All were able to raise their families unmolested. The sparrows flew about among the trees and shrubs occupied by the other birds, but never troubled them, in fact the other birds paid no attention to the sparrows.

Early in May we made a wren house from a small wooden box, and it was soon occupied by some tiny house wrens.

The sparrows have never seemed to notice the box or to pay any attention to the wrens. Of course we made the entrance only large enough for the wrens, so that the sparrows would not try to use it.

After the warblers and other birds started incubating, a blue jay came into our trees. Then how agitated our birds all were, especially the warblers. No wonder!

Twice since we have lived here, blue jays have torn the warblers' nest to pieces and destroyed the eggs; and two years ago we heard some Arkansas kingbirds crying, and ran out just in time to see a blue jay eating their eggs.

For three days this jay came many times, but we were all on guard. As soon as the warblers gave the alarm, we ran out and scared the jay away.

We keep a butter jar and wash-basin filled with water under the hydrant. Sparrows, robins, catbirds, and many others are bathing or drinking throughout the day. I often go out at night with my flashlight and find a big toad in the butter jar and five or six smaller frogs and toads in the basin, apparently enjoying themselves immensely.

Our sparrows do not have a musical song, but it is just as good as the song of the purple grackle, mourning dove, cuckoo, or of the flicker, who lives in a tall tree stump across the way.

Our sparrows do not build a very good nest, but neither do the cuckoos nor the mourning doves.

Our sparrows eat a little of our grain in winter, but a great flock of purple grackles steal quantities of ripening grain each fall from a field near by. When we had chickens in our yard one year, some jays used to feed there many times every day.

Our sparrows never touch our fruit. I think that is quite a point in their favor. The robins, catbirds, thrashers, and several others take quantities of it. In fact, they think they own it all, and sit and scold us if we try to gather a share of it.

I love our little English sparrows and shall always try to protect them; but if I wished to have them destroyed, I should not set children to killing them. It has a bad effect upon the children, and few children are competent to kill humanely.

My bird guide names twenty-seven varieties of sparrows besides the English sparrow, and many boys who start out to kill English sparrows destroy many of the other varieties that are among our sweetest singers and most useful birds. In fact, so ignorant are many bird hunters, that any small dark-colored bird is called by them an English sparrow.

Our Savior said, "Are not five sparrows sold for two farthings, and not one of them is forgotten before God." I believe He would include the little English sparrow.

## Our Dumb Animals

Published on the first Tuesday of each month by the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, 696 Washington Street, Norwood, Massachusetts. Boston office, 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston 17, Mass.

Dr. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, President

GUY RICHARDSON, Editor

WILLIAM M. MORRILL, Assistant

SEPTEMBER, 1921

### FOR TERMS see back cover.

AGENTS to take orders for *Our Dumb Animals* are wanted everywhere. Liberal commissions are offered.

EDITORS of all periodicals who receive this publication this month are invited to reprint any of the articles with or without credit.

MANUSCRIPTS relating to animals, particularly prose articles of about three hundred words, are solicited. We do not wish to consider prose manuscripts of over 800 words in length, nor verse in excess of thirty-six lines. The shorter the better. Full return postage should be enclosed with each manuscript submitted.

### BADLY WANTED

THERE are two things greatly needed at our Vacation Farm for Horses. We must have some sort of ambulance. Every little while the superintendent is called upon to go for a suffering horse that is down and must be moved. Now think of this: an old horse-drawn ambulance has been given us, but it will cost \$80 to repair and paint it. If you, kind reader, will give us this \$80, we will have a brass plate put on the ambulance to read something as follows: "The gift of (name) in memory of (some horse or dog or friend)." Who will do this for us?

Then we greatly need a Ford car with small delivery box that could be used for a score of purposes. The superintendent is a state agent of the Society and has to respond to many complaints of cruelty. Won't someone help us to get these two things?

### HEADING FOR RUIN

IF every voter in this and other lands could read the first article in the *Atlantic Monthly* for August, the several ships of state now headed for the rocks might easily be swung out toward the open sea. The author says that after wasting approximately 348 billion dollars in property and production in the late war, the several nations guilty of this stupendous madness are now spending the income at 5 per cent on 160 billion dollars of what they have left on their war budgets. This burden, it needs no argument to show, labor and industry cannot stand. You can't consume more steam than you can make. When humanity understands what it all means it will refuse to make a galley slave of itself just for the sake of furnishing a few of its number the chance to start a war. This writer tells us that we, the United States, are spending today as if we had learned nothing, could learn nothing, would learn nothing, more in getting ready for future wars than the entire net expenses of the Federal government five years ago. Oh, but, says the defender of all this waste, we are insuring ourselves by this enormous outlay against another war! Here's the answer of our author: If a manufacturer devoted 80 per cent of his total income, as the United States government is doing, to paying insurance policies, his creditors would soon intervene and his case would also receive the careful attention of an expert in lunacy.

### A HOPEFUL SIGN

IS one of the reforms long desired in the slaughter of food animals to be realized? Here is the first evidence we have seen. If men will have meat to eat, a great amount of suffering will be saved cattle, sheep and swine if they can be killed as near as possible to the farm and ranch. Days of hunger, thirst, fright and weariness are involved in the long railway journey. Here is what has just come to us from Spokane, Washington:

"The first carload of chilled lamb, killed in Spokane under a recently completed arrangement between stockmen, Armour & Co., and the Northern Pacific Railroad, was started East last night attached to the North Coast Limited train. It carried 522 carcasses to the New York market.

The initial shipment is declared to be in the nature of an experiment to try out the arrangement whereby lambs would be killed at the local packing plant instead of being shipped to Chicago on the hoof."

### WHERE OUR TAXES GO

ACTUAL expenditures of the United States government for the fiscal year 1919-20:

Research, education, public health .....	\$59,000,000
Ordinary government functions .....	226,000,000
Public works .....	85,000,000
Army and Navy .....	1,348,000,000
Pensions, interest and expenditures due to past wars .....	2,690,000,000

### INVITING OUR SECRETARIES TO THE RODEO

UNDER the heading, "The West in Playtime Mood," the *Washington Evening Star* recently commented upon certain western sports, so-called, against which the humane societies of the country have been contending for years. To one of these exhibitions two United States Secretaries were invited, and we believe the manager of the Rodeo sent a sombrero to President Harding. We wrote the *Star*, and they were good enough to publish our letter, which we give below:—

#### Objects to Western "Games"

To the Editor of *The Star*:

I think all the humane people of the country who happened to see the editorial entitled "The West in Playtime Mood" in *The Evening Star* of June 21, will greatly regret it. The cruelties connected with such pastimes as are there commended by you are in violation of the laws of every state in the Union, and wherever humane societies are strong enough to enforce the law they are prohibited. Idaho has recently passed a law, I am told, forbidding these brutal exhibitions. They are being steadily suppressed in all self-respecting western states. It would be a disgrace to the secretaries of the United States to be present at one of these bull-dogging, broncho-busting shows.

FRANCIS H. ROWLEY,  
President American Humane Education Society, Boston, Mass.

Free stalls and kennels in the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital may be endowed by individuals. Seventy-five dollars a year for a horse stall, thirty-five dollars a year for a kennel.

### DOOMING THE RODEO

AMONG the forces whose attacks mean the final doom of the cruel sports exhibited at rodeos and round-ups, none are proving more effective than the Parent-Teachers' Associations of some of our western states. We have already spoken elsewhere of their work in Idaho. Now comes the following resolution, passed by the Parent-Teachers' Association of Walla Walla, Washington, where these exhibitions have been popular:

WHEREAS, the chief feature of the so-called Wild West Show consists in cruelty to animals in open violation of law. And,

WHEREAS, the Carnivals that follow fairs and are allowed to appear at such places are made up of coarse display, and money-making devices, and giving trained animal performances made possible in most cases through cruelty.

NOW, THEREFORE, we, the members of the Congress of Mothers and Parent-Teachers' Associations assembled in Convention at Walla Walla, most emphatically protest against these performances in our State for the following reasons:

First: They are debasing in their influence on the rising generation.

Second: Their cruel treatment of the animals they exhibit, both wild and domestic, is a flagrant violation of the rights of animals which we are in duty bound to protect.

Third: They are an insult to the Citizenry of our State, and we therefore call upon our officials to see that our officers enforce the existing laws.

When such organizations composed of mothers, fathers, and teachers, get after an affair like a Wild West Show, its end is in sight.

### THE DOG AND THE ESCALATOR

WE are occasionally told of accidents happening to dogs on the escalators of the Boston Elevated. Sometimes the inference seems to be that the Elevated is responsible for the injuries. The answer is, the escalators were made for the accommodation of the Elevated's passengers. They were not designed to transport dogs. The Elevated is unusually good to the public in allowing dogs to be taken into its cars. The responsibility, therefore, must remain with the dog's master. If he takes him up an escalator, it is his duty to guard him from accident.

IF you believe in war, if you hold that since it always has been, it always will be, then, of course you won't do anything to end it. The men and women who have moved the world out of its past toward a better day have never believed any hoary-headed wrong was immortal. When enough people are utterly sick of war, they'll stop it. Up to the present three or four power-crazed fools have been able to set millions of sane men at each other's throats. That day is done.

OUTSIDE of its being a newspaper story, we doubt if there's anything in the report of an attempt being made to revive the old and cruel "sport" of Hawking. Enough cruelties have survived without resuscitating any that are dead and well buried.



Founded by George T. Angell. Incorporated March, 1868

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HON. A. E. PILLSBURY, *Counselor*  
EBEN. SHUTE, *Treasurer*  
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#### MONTHLY REPORT

Cases investigated	714
Animals inspected	3,633
Number of prosecutions	10
Number of convictions	10
Horses taken from work	125
Horses humanely destroyed	60
Small animals humanely destroyed	804

#### Stock-yards and Abattoirs

Animals inspected	66,531
Cattle, swine and sheep humanely destroyed	110

The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals acknowledges bequests of \$1,000 each from Frank M. Crosby and George A. Torrey, both of Boston; \$651.62 from Louisa K. Adams of Boston; \$100 from William S. Young of Winthrop; and \$25 (additional) from Emily S. Neal of Boston.

It has received gifts of \$100 each from Mrs. M. W. R., Mrs. J. G. M., and W. A.; \$75 from M. C. S., for endowment of free horse stall for one year; \$50 each from F. H. B., Mrs. H. A. H., Mrs. C. H. W., and Mrs. H. W. S.; \$35 each from Mrs. H. D. P., and Mrs. J. K. C., for endowment of free dog kennels for one year; \$30 each from K. S., Mrs. A. C. B., Miss F. R. P., and Miss G. E. V.; \$25 each from Miss E. F. G., C. & K. L. W., Miss A. L., Mrs. E. S. R., G. G. N., W. H. R., Mrs. G. G. W., H. C. D., Mrs. G. T. D., Miss S. M. H., and Mr. and Mrs. F. H. S.; \$20 each from C. H. P., and C. B. N.

The Society has been remembered in the will of Elizabeth J. Wood of Holyoke.

The American Humane Education Society has received a gift of \$100 from a Rhode Island friend, and \$169.92, interest.

August 9, 1921.

Remember the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, when making your will.

#### Angell Memorial Animal Hospital

184 Longwood Avenue Telephone, Brookline 6100

F. J. FLANAGAN, M.D.C., V.S. *Chief Veterinarian*  
H. F. DAILEY, V.M.D., *Resident*  
R. H. SCHNEIDER, V.M.D., *Assistants*  
D. L. BOLGER, D.V.S.  
HARRY L. ALLEN *Superintendent*

#### FREE Dispensary for Animals

Treatment for sick or injured animals.

Hours from 2 to 4, Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday. Saturday from 11 to 1.

#### HOSPITAL REPORT FOR JULY

Hospital	Free Dispensary
Cases entered 408	Cases 519
Dogs 277	Dogs 335
Cats 86	Cats 152
Horses 41	Birds 10
Birds 3	Horses 7
Rabbit 1	Squirrels 2
Operations 210	Rabbit 1
Hospital cases since opening Mar. 1, '15, 23,324	
Free Dispensary cases	27,899
Total	51,223

#### AGAIN THE SPARROW

**S**HALL we kill him? The Department of Agriculture has said yes. It has told how to poison him, how to trap him. We believe its attitude toward the sparrow has been determined by someone who became inoculated years ago with the then common virus of hatred of the sparrow. Let us not forget the pest from which this little imported alien delivered us. Let us recognize the fact that the sparrow wiped out of existence, the pest will probably return. Then let us be honest enough to admit that the sparrow is, or is becoming, an insect-eating bird. There is no doubt about it to any unprejudiced observer. To all the readers of *Our Dumb Animals*, especially to all our young friends, we say, "Spare the sparrow! If it shall be found that he must be exterminated, let grown-up officials appointed for that purpose do it. No one should harden his better nature by ever needlessly taking life." Be sure and read, on another page, "My Experience with English Sparrows."

#### UNCLE SAM NEVER GOT HER

**W**HEN the night mail collector, Fred Osborne, of Salem, Mass., opened the big parcel mail box at the corner of Lafayette and Leach streets early one morning, he was more than surprised to find a pretty little black kitten snugly reposing in the bottom of the box. The cat was as chipper as could be. It was a cowardly trick to throw the cat in the box, as a heavy package might have been dropped in and crushed it. As it was, all of its nine lives were intact, and Mr. Osborne brought kitty to the post-office and sent out to a nearby restaurant and got the cat a meal, then took her home.

#### RELIEF FOR HORSES

**F**ROM June 25, when the Society started its summer horse-watering service in Boston, to July 25, 35,030 horses were supplied from our stations and traveling cart.



#### SAVED BY HIS WHINE

**C**RUEL and deliberate abandonment was the charge brought against an Italian for treating this dog as he did. The animal was no longer wanted and had been tied with stout wire under a bridge in Malden, Mass., to drown in the rising tide.

It was near 10 o'clock p. m. when Raymond Clapp and John McDonough, both Malden boys, heard him whining piteously. They climbed down under the bridge to find out what was the matter. They found him leg-deep in the water and made haste to help him out.

What boy would not go to the rescue of a dog in such a predicament? But these boys did more. They took the friendless dog to the police station and reported the facts of the case to the captain. The dog was sent to the Angell Animal Hospital, where the above picture was taken, and the man who cruelly abandoned him was taken to court to answer for his inhuman act.

**DON'T FORGET YOUR  
DUTY TO THE DUMB  
ANIMALS DURING THE  
VACATION SEASON.**

#### EXECUTING YOUR OWN WILL

##### An Annuity Plan

Each of our two Societies will receive gifts, large or small, entering into a written obligation binding the Society safely to invest the same and to pay the donor for life a reasonable rate of interest, or an annuity for an amount agreed upon. The rate of interest or amount of annuity will necessarily depend upon the age of the donor.

The wide financial experience and high standing of the trustees, Charles G. Bancroft, president of the International Trust Company, Charles E. Rogerson, president of the Boston Safe Deposit and Trust Company, and John R. Macomber, president of Harris, Forbes and Company, to whom are entrusted the care and management of our invested funds, are a guaranty of the security of such an investment.

Persons of comparatively small means may by this arrangement obtain a better income for life than could be had with equal safety by the usual methods of investment, while avoiding the risks and waste of a will contest and ultimately promoting the cause of the dumb animals.

The Societies solicit correspondence upon this subject and will be glad to furnish all further details.



## American Humane Education Society

Founded by Geo. T. Angell.

Incorporated, 1889

For rates of membership in both of our Societies see last page. Checks should be made payable to the Treasurer.

### Officers of the American Humane Education Society

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HON. A. E. PILLSBURY, *Counselor*

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Mrs. Alice W. Manning ..... Turkey  
D. D. Fitch ..... Venezuela

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Mrs. Alice L. Park, Palo Alto, California  
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James D. Burton, Harriman, Tennessee  
Mrs. Katherine Weathersbee, Atlanta, Georgia  
Rev. F. Rivers Barnwell, Fort Worth, Texas  
Miss Blanche Finley, Columbia, South Carolina

## HUMANE EDUCATION RECOGNIZED

IN the bulletin of the University of Oregon, *The Monitor*, appears in full the program for work of the Parent-Teachers' Association, including humane education, which has been adopted by that organization as a regular department.

### ESSAY CONTEST IN RIVERSIDE

THE Riverside (California) County Humane Society offers three cash prizes, \$12.50, \$7.50 and \$5, for the three best essays about humane work, open to pupils in the grammar schools of Riverside County. These subjects are suggested: "Why We Should Treat Animals Kindly"; "In What Ways Do Domestic Animals Serve Us?"; "Story of What a Humane Society Can Do"; "Why I am Kind to My Dog"; and "The Animals on a Farm." The essays are to be from 300 to 500 words long, and to be completed by November 1, 1921.

## HUMANE EDUCATION IN N. Y. CITY

THE activity of the New York Women's League for Animals, in promoting humane education in that city, was admirably demonstrated at a meeting held in June at the residence of Mrs. Lewis Gouverneur Morris, Park Avenue, Manhattan. The film, "The Bell of Atri," used by the League in co-operation with the Board of Education of the city, was shown, followed by addresses by Associate Superintendent Skinner, and District Superintendents Jenkins and Wade of the school department, before the thirty-nine pupils of elementary schools who won the prizes offered by the League in the poster contest. Cash prizes amounting to \$130 were given, there being two first prizes of \$15 each, and two second prizes of \$10 each. In addition, thirty-five special prizes of from \$1 to \$5 each were awarded.

A pleasing feature was the presentation of the League medal to Gerard H. Barry, a member of the crew of the ferryboat *Edge-water*, who jumped into the Hudson River at the risk of his own life to save that of a dog.

The League has published a handsome, tinted poster entitled "Happiness Enough for All," also an attractive book-mark with illustrations and verses.

### PRIZE POSTERS IN MISSOULA

A VERY successful prize poster contest was conducted by the Missoula County Humane Society in the grade schools of Missoula, Montana, this year. The prize winners were: first, Mildred Mann, Franklin school; second, Myrtle Rossman, Lincoln school; third, Adeline Thompson, Willard school. A similar contest will be held next season.

### THE ENGLISH BLUE CROSS

CAN anyone give us information as to the correctness of the report that the English Blue Cross Society of England has sent a representative to this country to raise funds to establish a lethal chamber for cats in New York City? We doubt if this can be true, though it comes to us on apparently good authority. This must not be confounded with the Blue Cross organization of this country, with headquarters in Springfield, Mass.

### GETTING OUT OF THE ARMY

TWENTY-FIVE per cent of the men in the army seeking discharge! By August first, according to the *Army and Navy Journal*, nearly 60,000 will have left the Army of their own free will, and with the normal discharges the whole force will be down to within 5,000 of the 150,000 to which it is to be reduced by October! When this reduction was first proposed, there were great guns of argument fired off to show the cruel wrong this would do the fighting forces of the country. What a rank injustice to tell these men they must seek other jobs and abandon their military career! They seem only too willing to get back into the common ways of life. It may be so many will want to resign that it will be hard to keep the number up to 150,000.

NICKNAMED by George IV, it was "Humanity Dick" Martin, M.P. for Galway, one hundred years ago, who was the morning-star of a humaner world.



### WHERE KINDNESS RULES

A BOSTON attorney, James L. Edwards, Esq., evidently believes "Be Kind to Animals" is a good sign, for he has painted it in large letters on the side of his barn, in what is known as "Edwards Meadows" at Quincy Centre, Mass. It may be seen on the left of the tracks of the N. Y., N. H. & H. R. R., just after the train leaves Quincy station. Mr. Edwards repainted the barn with bright red and green trimmings, so the sign would show up to advantage. Often a number of ducks, pigeons and hens, besides four collies, may be seen playing about the barn. "On our place, as a boy," writes Mr. Edwards, "I saw all our animals treated as loving friends. Any other view would be incomprehensible to any boy so placed."

### MORE ABOUT VENEZUELA

WRITING from Valencia, Venezuela, Mr. D. D. Fitch, representative of the American Humane Education Society, says:—

The work of the humane society is needed much more here than in Caracas. In Caracas when I protested against the abuse of animals, I was informed by the driver that I was not the owner of the animals, and so was left to understand that I had no right to interfere. I had made friends with the chief of police, so I went to him and he presented me to the Prefectura, the highest civil officer in the district, who gave me a written authorization with the stamp of the government empowering me to interfere in such cases. When I came here I presented the same to the chief of police, who gave me another and took me to the Governor, who also gave me one, so I am well prepared to begin this work.

In Caracas, after I had placed the "Plegario" ("Horse's Prayer") in the principal stables and gained some newspaper publicity, I took samples of the literature to the owners of the three principal stables and told them what I was doing and gave them an opportunity to assist financially in the expense of the literature. They contributed enough to cover the expense and then instructed me to distribute the same in the schools. I secured a letter from the minister of education authorizing me to do this. The owner of the largest stable posted the "Plegario" in his stable, where he has hundreds of horses, and offered a dollar to any of the men who would learn by heart the same. In visiting a number of the schools I had an opportunity to speak to the pupils, and enjoyed this so much that I decided to do the same work here. I have already made the acquaintance of the principal of the schools, and he has offered to accompany me. The paper here has promised to give publicity.

## FASHION'S VOTARIES

E. HELPS

Walden, Rondiborch, Cape Town

**B**EHOLD a certain Goddess who holds great sway in a mighty city—and because of her are many homes made desolate, for by her decree men go forth to slay in all lands.

They go forth with guns and snares into the sunlit spaces, and with traps of steel into the frozen North.

They heed not the desolate wail of the creature for its mate, nor the voice of the little ones who cry in vain for bread. The piteous agony of the trapped stirs not their compassion, neither do they harken to the sorrowful cry of the mother who mourns alone beneath the stars for her dead.

And after much shedding of innocent blood, the slayers return to the city, rich with spoils.

Then she who sits in the market-place says unto those who went forth to kill, "It is well. Bring hither your merchandise."

Then come forth the laughing daughters of the land into the market-place, with much gold and silver, to purchase the skins and the bright plumage of the slaughtered ones.

"How fair and goodly a skin is this?" says one with soft smiles, to her fellows, and "how beautiful is the sheen on this sunbird's wing?"

And when they have purchased what seemeth unto them good, they return to their homes rejoicing.

And they reckon not of the guilt which is on their heads!

For it is because of *them*, and because of *her* whom they so blindly worship, that the blood of these innocents is shed.

## DOGS TREATED AS EQUALS

HOMER KINGSLEY

**I**N Scotland it is not an unusual sight to see the shepherd dogs accompanying their masters to church on Sundays. In many of the old parish churches of England there are still to be seen the pews known as the "hall-dog pew," which was reserved for the dog or dogs of the lord of the manor, or for those of the squire of the locality. As a rule these dogs behaved well in the church. Sometimes, however, the divine service would be interrupted by fights between them, and sometimes it would be necessary to turn them out in order to go on with the religious worship.

In Belgium the government, which owns the entire railroad system of the country, issued a decree, which so far as railroad travel is concerned, places the dog on an absolute equal with a grown man or woman and even much higher than that of a child.

Whereas a child is merely entitled to half a place if under twelve years of age, the dog had a right to a full seat if provided with a ticket. That meant that a railroad compartment licensed to hold ten travelers, could hold ten adults and two dogs, and then it would be regarded as "complete," and no other passengers would be admitted. Human passengers might be left behind as dogs provided with tickets could not be compelled to yield their seats.

It can be readily seen that man has in almost every part of the world accorded special treatment and favor to his canine companions.

**I** MAKE it a rule to tell everybody who keeps a mutilated dog that his dog, is both ugly and absurd, and if a good many people hear me—so much the better.

PHILIP GILBERT HAMERTON

## Mrs. Suckling and Her Great Work

The Editor Interviews (by Correspondence) England's Leader in Humane Education

**T**HE queen of humanitarian workers living today is undoubtedly Mrs. Florence Horatia Suckling, who, in a quiet but very effective way, has been sowing seeds of kindness to animals for half a century at her beautiful home, known as Highwood, near Romsey, in Hampshire County, England. So modest and unassuming is her manner that were she not a gifted writer and a believer in press publicity for the good of the cause, her name would scarcely be known abroad. But for several years she has been a foreign corre-

tary. That will account for my long career in this work and my rather extensive acquaintance among animals' friends of long ago. I saw Mr. and Mrs. Henry Bergh at my uncle's house in London, but I never forgot them, as it was so impressed upon me that they were 'Americans.' In those days we did not see many in England."

It was in October, 1874, the year before Mrs. Catharine Smithies organized the first Band of Mercy in the world, that Mrs. Suckling started her "Humanity Class" for the children about her home. During the winter they met in the kitchen at Highwood, and in the summer under a tree. Mrs. Suckling read to them a chapter on "Our Duty to Animals" at every lesson and asked them questions, awarding prizes for those receiving the highest marks. She started a humanity lending library, and in the winter of 1875-6 had a "humanity Christmas-tree" for the class. Upon her marriage to her cousin, now Captain Suckling, R. N., twelve of the girls of the class were bridesmaids in sailor dresses.

Later Mrs. Suckling merged her class in the popular Band of Mercy and became secretary of a movement which instituted Bands in sixteen parishes. In some places the Bands became quite fashionable, and Mrs. Suckling began to give monthly lectures, using slides prepared by her husband, who has always encouraged her in humane work. An annual entertainment was instituted at Romsey Town Hall, at which only songs, pieces or plays referring to animals are allowed. Mrs. Suckling has made a specialty of adapting and composing songs suitable for Bands of Mercy, and for many years had charge of the songs published in the *Band of Mercy*, the juvenile magazine of the Royal S. P. C. A. She has composed many humane plays, some of which have been produced by her own Band of Mercy members on the grounds of Highwood. Several of these plays contain songs and are printed with the music in a book named "The Band of Mercy Entertainer." Other publications by Mrs. Suckling include "The Humane Play Book," "The Humane Educator and Reciter," "Lectures for Children about Animals," "The Brotherhood of Love," "A Bird and Tree Festival," and two operettas for children, "Wings," and "One Good Turn Deserves Another." "I have not written many books for animals (the others don't count)," writes our author modestly, but who else has written even so much that is so ideally adapted to children's entertainments along humane lines?

In addition to her other literary efforts, Mrs. Suckling has conducted a juvenile press bureau which has kept her in correspondence with a dozen or more editors of newspapers that have children's columns on humane work. Her weekly department in the *Romsey Advertiser* contains many gems of humane literature besides accounts of current activities in her Band of Mercy and other humane organizations.

Many novel entertainment features have been carried out at Highwood to interest various persons in kindness to animals. Besides frequent gatherings of children, meetings for adults are often held here. Only this



MRS. SUCKLING

From the only photograph she has had taken

sponding representative of the American Humane Education Society and a contributor of valuable articles to *Our Dumb Animals* as well as to the *Animal World*, the organ of the Royal S. P. C. A.

A relative of Lord Nelson, Mrs. Suckling comes of a sea-going family. Her house was built originally by her father, Admiral Suckling, who as a midshipman was present at Trafalgar. He died when his daughter and only child was but fifteen. As to her early introduction to humane interests, let me quote from Mrs. Suckling's own words in a recent letter:

"Maria Michell was quite a young girl when she took up the animal crusade, and being wealthy, soon after Martin's Act (1822), began to print literature at her own expense. She died at the age of eighty-eight, having worked *all her life* for humane literature in schools, etc. She met my parents in Rome before I was born, and they became great friends. Later, settling here, she began my humane education when I could talk. Later, as a school girl, I got to know Mr. John Colam, secretary of the Royal S. P. C. A. I was often in London, staying with an uncle, and thus was a great favorite with Mr. Colam and Miss Burdett-Coutts (Baroness later), and when our Branch S. P. C. A. was formed in Romsey, they made me a youthful secre-

summer a party of 130 teachers responded to the invitation of Captain and Mrs. Suckling, when a little play, "The Fairies' Court" was performed by members of a Band of Mercy, followed by addresses on humane education by Mrs. Suckling and Mr. Ernest Bell.

The mistress of Highwood is particularly fond of horses, a number of which are always kept on the estate. A pleasing annual custom is that of bedding freshly all the barns and stables on Christmas Eve, when all the animals are brought before the house and Mrs. Suckling greets them with these words: "A Happy Christmas. You shall never be sold."

Commenting on her other pets, Mrs. Suckling once said: "There is not a single well-bred animal about the place, except the horses. My creatures are all 'destitute,' and the more destitute they are, the more I love them. The rescue work is a great feature of the Bands of Mercy, and there are several of us who form a sort of ring in order to find homes for any forlorn animal that turns up."

Highwood contains many interesting souvenirs of historic and literary value. There is the "Nelson Room," with relics of the victor of Trafalgar; there are framed MS. poems by Sir John Suckling, the Elizabethan poet; but most interesting to animal lovers is the library of humane books, pamphlets, newspaper cuttings, and periodicals from all parts of the world. It is Mrs. Suckling's aim to keep on hand copies of every sound book published about animals, while volumes of typewritten lectures, reports of animal societies everywhere, and files of magazines like *Our Dumb Animals* crowd the shelves and divide the visitor's attention with the Constable landscapes, Bartolozzi prints, and the exquisite French cabinets, china, and curios that enrich this home of humanity.

#### IN MEMORY OF HIS DOGS

1921

##### TO MY IRISH SETTERS

Lifelong friends and companions,  
affectionate, faithful and loyal.

Percival P. Baxter, Governor of Maine.

**G**OVERNOR BAXTER has lived with dogs and shared their friendship since his early boyhood. He grew up in the companionship of a dozen fine Irish setters, and his regard for all dumb animals has been one of his prominent characteristics. Often in his public career he has wielded his strong influence in securing more progressive humane legislation. On many an occasion he has shown his sympathy and interest in the cause of dumb animals.

At his summer home on Mackworth Island, Casco Bay, are buried all of the dogs which have died while owned by him, since 1887. He is now having a bronze tablet made, giving the name and record of these animals. This will be placed upon the face of a big granite boulder, near which the dogs are buried.

These dogs were all of the same family and strain of Irish setters. The Governor has raised about seventy-five of these dogs. While he has sold a few, the most of those which he has not kept have been given to friends. Not a dog has gone to any person until Governor Baxter has satisfied himself that it would have a good home.

## Our Proper Relationship Towards Animals

ERNEST BELL, M. A.

Founder of the Animals' Friend Society, England

**T**HE majority of people have perhaps no decided love for animals, and no very strong sense of justice, and in them we find all kinds of inconsistent attitudes. Some dote on their own pussy cat and worship him almost as the ancient Egyptians did their cats, but they can't bear their neighbor's cat, who comes over the wall and scratches in the garden, and they throw stones at him whenever they get a chance. Some who think that they are very "fond of birds" show their love by keeping miserable little creatures, who ought to be flying about in the woods and fields, cramped all their lives in tiny cages, where they sing, not because they are happy, but because they have nothing else to do, just as a man in prison may whistle or hum a tune he learned in better days, to while away the time.

It is still quite a common idea that animals were made for us, and our use only. I often hear people say of some of the lower forms of life, "What is the use of it? It is no good to us," implying that if we cannot get some benefit out of it that it would be better out of the world, and we may do as we like with it. They can understand the meaning of a horse, a cow, a dog, but they seem to think God made a great mistake in creating such things as tigers, snakes, or rats. Animals were not created at all for our benefit any more than we were created for the benefit of a man-eating tiger in India. The animals and ourselves are part of the same creation, and though we have dominion over them, as the Bible says, it does not mean that we do just as we like with them, as we too often do. Parents have dominion over their children, but they cannot ill-use them rightly, and a king, who has dominion over his subjects, has not the right to treat them unjustly. Our attitude toward all animals should be that of elder brothers and sisters. We are really one family.

It may seem a little strange to us that primitive races of men, with their simpler intuition and their freedom from our great conceit, born of so-called civilization, showed a much truer reading of the relationship between human and sub-human than we do now. Their outlook on life, and the world, was more limited. The bit of the world that they knew was all that there was, and the animals were their companions. They believed they had souls which might pass into men and the warrior expected to meet his favorite horse in the happy hunting grounds, which represented their paradise after death. We in modern life have invented a great gulf between human and sub-human, for which I think there is no justification.

Animals, indeed, have qualities and powers which we have not; powers which in some cases are found in primitive races, but have been lost. Witness the sense of direction, or what is called "the homing instinct." But "what is instinct?" A beautiful book has lately been published with that title, in which the author considers the question in all its bearings and, the conclusion that he comes to is that instinct is "Divine guidance." If that is so, may we not say that the animals are nearer God than we are? They are led by an unerring Power, while we are largely led by our very erring, undeveloped tool called "reason," which constantly leads us astray, and is really the cause of most of the dreadful conditions of the world at present. Would that we had more of the Divine guidance in our lives. We have lost our pure instincts, and have only our very feeble so-called "reason" as a guide.

What we all have to do is to try to implant in the members of the next generation a more just view of the claims of these, our veritable relatives, bodily and spiritually.



DOWN AMONG THE REEDS AND RUSHES

## THE BRONTË SISTERS AND ANIMALS

SOON after she (Charlotte Brontë) came back to Haworth, in a letter to one of the household in which she had been staying, there occurs this passage: "Our poor little cat has been ill two days, and is just dead. It is piteous to see even an animal lying lifeless. Emily is sorry." These few words relate to points in the characters of the two sisters, which I must dwell upon a little. Charlotte was more than commonly tender in her treatment of all dumb creatures, and they, with that fine instinct so often noticed, were invariably attracted toward her. . . .

But not merely were her actions kind, her words and tones were ever gentle and caressing toward animals; and she quickly noticed the least want of care or tenderness on the part of others toward any poor brute creature. The readers of "Shirley" may remember that it is one of the tests which the heroine applies to her lover.

"Do you know what soothsayers I would consult?" . . . "The little Irish beggar that comes barefoot to my door; the mouse that steals out of the cranny in my wainscot; the bird in frost and snow that pecks at my window for a crumb; the dog that licks my hand and sits beside my knee. . . . I know somebody to whose knee the black cat loves to climb, against whose shoulder and cheek it likes to purr. The old dog always comes out of his kennel and wags his tail and whines affectionately when somebody passes." (For "somebody" and "he" read "Charlotte Brontë" and "she.") "He quietly strokes the cat, and lets her sit while he conveniently can; and when he must disturb her by rising, he puts her softly down, and never flings her from him roughly; he always whistles to the dog and gives him a caress."

The feeling which in Charlotte partook of something of the nature of an affection, was, with Emily, more of a passion. Some one speaking of her to me, in a careless kind of strength of expression said, "She never showed regard to any human creature; all her love was reserved for animals." The helplessness of an animal was its passport to Charlotte's heart; the fierce, wild, intractability of its nature was what often recommended it to Emily. Speaking of her dead sister, the former told me that from her many traits in Shirley's character were taken; her way of sitting on the rug reading, with her arm round her rough bulldog's neck; her calling to a strange dog, running past, with hanging head and lolling tongue, to give it a merciful draught of water, its maddened snap at her, her nobly stern presence of mind, going right into the kitchen and taking up one of Tabby's red hot Italian irons to sear the bitten place, and telling no one till the danger was well-nigh over, for fear of the terrors that might beset their weaker minds. All this, looked upon as a well-invented fiction in "Shirley," was written down by Charlotte with streaming eyes; it was the literal true account of what Emily had done. The same tawny bulldog (with his strangled whistle) called "Tartar" in "Shirley," was "Keeper" in Haworth parsonage, a gift to Emily.

MRS. GASKELL

EDUCATION commences at the mother's knee, and every word spoken within the hearing of little children tends toward the formation of character.

BALLOU

## THE ARCHIMEDEAN MONKEY

IF the brain of a monkey can discover the principle of the lever, how near akin is it to Archimedes? Dr. W. T. Hornaday, director of the New York Zoological Gardens, certainly a well qualified student of animal life, both wild and domestic, is reported as follows by a correspondent of the International News Service:—

"One of the most interesting cases I can attest is that of an orang-outang in this zoo, that discovered the principle of the lever.

"This beast decided that it wanted to tear down the running bars of its cage. It was not powerful enough to do so by an application of direct physical strength.

"After studying the situation and experimenting, it ripped down the bar of its trapeze, and using the bar as a lever managed to tear down the running bars.

"Furthermore, finding its own strength insufficient at one point, it called another orang-outang to help it.

"The orang-outang discovered for itself the principle of the lever, just as truly as Archimedes discovered the principle of the screw."

"The majority of psychologists in studying animal psychology have access only to tame or domestic animals—the dog, the horse, the cat.

"But wild animals generally speaking are more intelligent than tame animals. This is natural because they are on their own resources to provide for themselves food and shelter and to preserve their lives.

"From long observation I am convinced that some of the higher wild animals have intelligence superior to that of the lowest form of human intelligence, and, therefore, I am willing to lay down the original proposition with little fear of scientific contradiction, that higher animals are just as likely to have souls as are lower members of the human race."

\*Note—Archimedes is said to have invented the water screw and to have discovered the principle of the lever.

THERE is a destiny that makes us brothers:

None goes his way alone;

All that we send into the lives of others

Comes back into our own."

## EXPRESS HORSE BALKS AT DOUBLE HARNESS

C. M. SARCHET

AFTER traveling the streets of Ponca City, Okla., for sixteen years between the shafts of an express delivery wagon, "Lewis," who is a big, dark gray, raw-boned built horse, refuses to work in double harness, and the farmer who bought him recently in Oklahoma City wants his money back. The express company officials of that city have guaranteed the farmer, however, that "Lewis" will work single, and that he will plow alone almost as much corn in a day as any team the farmer may have.

It seems that the express company has a rule, in this locality at least, that when a delivery horse has been in the service for many years and finally gets down and out, generally because of the continual walking on paved streets, he must be sold to a farmer, thus giving the old animal an opportunity to beat back, let his feet get strong again, and with a chance, now and then, to gallop, with head and tail aloft, across a pasture.

It was this rule that led the express company to have Lewis and some thirty other old express delivery horses over the state shipped to Oklahoma City recently so they could be auctioned off to farmers. Lewis brought \$35, and the farmer took him home. All efforts to induce Lewis to work in double harness proved futile; he positively refused and even took the bit in his teeth with a determination to break up several pieces of farm machinery. It was then that the farmer-purchaser returned to the express company's office and demanded his \$35 back. He was finally prevailed upon to give Lewis a chance in single harness.

## CAT'S EYES

VIOLET ALLEYN STOREY

YOUR eyes were once green, sparkling flames.

On dark Egyptian altars, long ago,  
They burned before Osiris' shrine.

While silent priestesses walked to and fro;  
And so, they frighten me tonight.

Clear in the darkness of this modern room,

Strange symbols of old faith and hope—

Surviving brightness from an age of gloom.



TWINKLES AND WRINKLES

## The Band of Mercy

DR. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, *President*  
GUY RICHARDSON, *Secretary*  
E. A. MARYOTT, *State Organizer*

### PLEDGE

**I will try to be kind to all living creatures and try to protect them from cruel usage.**

The American Humane Education Society will send to every person who forms a Band of Mercy of thirty members and sends the name chosen for the Band and the name and post-office address of the president who has been duly elected:

1. Special Band of Mercy literature.
  2. Several leaflets, containing pictures, stories, poems, addresses, reports, etc.
  3. Copy of "Songs of Happy Life."
  4. An imitation gold badge for the president.
- See back cover for prices of Band of Mercy supplies.

### NEW BANDS OF MERCY

Fifty-six new Bands of Mercy were reported in July. Of these, 33 were in Connecticut; 21 in Kentucky, and one each in Maine and New York.

**Total number Bands of Mercy, 133,855**

### "JUST A KID" TALKS TO CONGRESSMEN

CONGRESSMEN, deep in discussions involving millions and filled with the views of wisacres, paused for a moment recently to hear what "just a kid" had to say on the subject of appropriations.

Members of the House committee concerned with the affairs of the District of Columbia, heard fifteen-year-old Jimmie Bradley of Washington tell why the children wanted an appropriation to continue nature study in the schools.

Armed with letters of approval from President Harding, General Pershing, and many other notables, Jimmie, who was foreman of the John Burroughs Club jury which recently decided the White House owls might live, told the committeemen that the study of birds and trees and animals filled "any regular fellow with a sense of justice."

It was the first time, so far as the oldest old-timer could remember, that a youngster had a hearing before a congressional committee.

### FRENCH BOY SCOUTS AND GOD IN NATURE

IN France the Roman Catholic Boy Scouts are taught and urged to recognize God in nature, thereby cultivating a love of plants and animals. The scoutmaster in planting a camp offered a prayer, from which we quote as follows:—

"Grant that my word may be a light to their path, that I may show them Thy divine imprint in the world Thou hast created. Teach them Thy holy law, and lead them on to Thee, my God, into the camp of rest and joy, where Thou hast set Thy tabernacle and ours forever."

CIGARETTES in boyhood are about as useful in building up a strong body as dynamite would be in building a house.

W. F. CRAFTS

HABIT is a cable; we weave a thread of it every day and at last we cannot break it.

HORACE MANN

IF a man empties his purse into his head, no man can take it away from him.

FRANKLIN

### THE LAW OF SUGGESTION

LILLIAN TROTT

CARL was a Band of Mercy boy, and today he had been feeling sorry ever since morning. The Mayo boys came to school with their pony, and Carl pitied the little beast when he saw her masters overtake so many other boys and pile them up on the seat for Tinto to haul uphill.

That evening Carl had a surprise. Papa was reading the local paper, and suddenly passed over this advertisement for his son to spell out:—

"FOR SALE—One black and white Shetland pony, with rig."

"The Mayo boys must think they're getting too big to play with a pony," was Papa's comment.

"They're too old for her to draw uphill—if they're going to heap on two or three tiers more boys," Carl thought. And aloud he said: "I'd like to have Tinto."

"Would you rather have Tinto than a bicycle?" asked Papa, in surprise. "A new, late-model bicycle?"

"I believe I would," taken by surprise. He hadn't known that his birthday present might be a bicycle. Always, before this, they had told him to wait till older before a bicycle would be safe. "Yes, I know I would," he added, after a moment's thought. The memory of Tinto's straining and struggling on that steep hill decided him.

"But why?" persisted his father. "You're nearly as old as Claud Mayo."

"I'm between Claud and Paul," answered Carl, and hoped Dad wouldn't insist upon his reason. "I guess there's money enough on my bankbook," he proposed.

Mr. Gray gave him a queer look. That bank fund was birthday money, contributed by loving kin every birthday since the very first, to be removed only for an important investment. "This is an important investment," thought Carl.

Next day he came in on the run. "Papa, I want you to draw my money, quick, all of it—Bob Dexter wants that pony—Bob is well enough, but he never can learn how to treat his own dog, and how will he know how much Tinto ought to haul—say, Dad, can't I have Tinto now? Bob hasn't enough money yet, but I don't know how soon he may have it. I don't dare wait!"

Tinto changed hands that very day, but Carl was surprised to see an old, lame horse in the yard with him that night.

"That's a Dobbin I bought to shoot," Mr. Gray explained to his son. "I didn't want you to outdo me in kindness. He was up for sale for work purposes, and he isn't able to work. So I bought him to put him to rest. But you shall have your bicycle, son, as soon as I'm able to buy it."

### GOOD NEWS

WORD comes from Idaho, from the State president of the Parent-Teachers' Association, through one of our field workers, formerly of Idaho, that the assurance has been given that the State Fair this year will be purely educational and that the rodeo and round-up features will be entirely cut out. This will be good news to all humane people. We congratulate the Parent-Teachers' Association and those who have worked so hard to this end because of their interest in the unfortunate animals who are the victims at these brutal sports.



PROUD OF HIS PONY

Son of the Hon. Clifton Richardson, editor of the *Informer*, Houston, Texas

### LITTLE CONSERVATIONISTS

THE beaver has a rich birthright, though born in a windowless hut of mud. Close to the primitive place of his birth the wild folk of both woods and water meet and often mingle; around it are the ever-changing, never-ending, scenes and silences of the water or the shore. He grows up with the many-sided wild, playing amid the enameled flowers, the great boulders—the Ice King's marbles—and the fallen logs in the edge of the mysterious forest; learning to swim and slide; listening to the strong, harmonious stir of the wind and water; living with the stars in the sky and the stars in the pond; beginning serious life when brilliant clouds of color enrich the hills; helping to harvest the trees that wear the robes of gold, while the birds go by for the Southland in the reflective autumn days. If Mother Nature should ever call me to live upon another planet, I could wish that I might be born a beaver, to inhabit a house in the water.

I have determined to do all I can to perpetuate the beaver, and I wish I could interest every man, woman, boy and girl in the land to help in this. Beaver works are so picturesque and so useful to man that I trust this persistent practiser of conservation will not perish from the hills and mountains of our land. His growing scarcity is awakening some interest in him, and I hope and half believe that before many years every brook that is born on a great watershed will, as it goes swiftly, merrily singing down the slopes toward the sea, pass through and be steadied in a poetic pond that is made and will be maintained by our patient, persistent, faithful friend, the beaver.

ENOS A. MILLS in "The Spell of the Rockies"

LIFE is not so short but that there's always time enough for courtesy.

EMERSON

# CHILDREN'S PAGE

## MY CHAPERON

VIOLET ALLEYN STOREY

**M**y chaperon has snow-white hair  
And dark-green, jealous eyes,  
And when my bestest beau is there,  
She looks just awfully wise!

*Sometimes she sits quite close to us  
On gran'ma's old settee,  
And if we move, she makes a fuss,  
Or even scratches me.*

*On other nights, she likes to sit  
Before us on the floor,  
And then we wish she'd want to quit—  
She's such a dreadful bore.*

*And really, she's so jealous, too,  
She can't tell where she's at;  
But I must make it plain to you—  
My chaperon's a cat!*

## LITTLE BURDEN-BEARERS

WINNIE A. RICHIE

**I** DO not know of any little animal that has quite so hard a time as the little Mexican burro. You would agree with me, too, if you could look into their sad little eyes and note their shaggy little bodies and very long ears. Such patient little creatures they are! In various ways the Mexicans make them do the work of the country.

As we all know, the burro is a sure-footed animal. They walk along with wood strapped around their bodies, looking like a wood-pile on four legs. They are used to deliver milk by strapping two large milk cans on each side of their body, with the milk man sitting on the little burro's back, nearly on the end of its tail, with his feet within a few inches of the ground. They are also used to market alfalfa hay, which the people prize very highly.

Each little burro carries two large balloon-shaped bundles, rolled in something like a fish-net, and each little burro has his nose tied up with a muzzle to keep him from nibbling the hay from the pack of his brother in front. When you look at them, all you can see are two very long ears and two very sad little eyes. The poor little burros are never fed, but go around the streets of Mexico, picking up bits of straw, paper, and sticks. Sometimes they will put out their tongues to lap up the hot dust.

One would think, when he sees a drove of these little animals carrying all this hay, what a delight it would be to let them have a real good dinner. During the invasion of Mexico, one of our soldiers had an idea, and asked a driver if he would sell him twenty-five cents' worth of the hay. He was very much surprised when the driver gave him two of the balloon-shaped bundles. The first thing our soldier did was to cut the fish-net and let the alfalfa out, which looks very different from our clover, growing very tall and not very thick. The next thing he did was to take off the muzzles. The little burros stood and looked at the hay, and then at the soldier, as much as to ask, "Is it really ours to eat?" But before many minutes it was all gone.

The baby burros are sometimes sold for a dollar or less.



LOIS WILMA CLARK, BRIDGEPORT, CONN., MAKING AN  
EARLY ACQUAINTANCE

## TWO WISE DOGS

**T**HE incident took place one hot day at a watering trough for horses. Two dogs, water-spaniels, were trotting along, when they came to the place, and they were panting for a cooling drink. But neither was tall enough to reach the trough; and they talked the matter over, as dogs will, and wondered why they had not been treated with as much consideration as horses. Presently they solved the problem. One of them ranged himself under the edge of the trough, and the other, resting his forefeet upon his companion's back, was able to reach into the pool and slake his thirst. When he had finished, he hopped down, seemed to say that the water was good, and then in turn ranged himself under the edge of the trough, and the other reached up for the drink he had earned. When he was satisfied, they trotted away together, as well contented as any man could be who had met a difficult problem and solved it.

## SUMMER DAYS TRYING ONES FOR ANIMALS

**B**OYS and girls can have a share in securing the erection of drinking fountains for animals. Every city, village, and country town should make provision for these dumb sufferers who, if they could speak, would say, "Please give us water." Many communities consider it a matter of health and comfort, as well as consideration for the brute creation, to maintain animal shelters where stray dogs and cats can be cared for, lost animals returned to their owners, and desirable animals kept until they can be placed in good homes.

—The Young Crusader

## THE CRICKETS' RULE

HELEN M. RICHARDSON

**L**ISTEN! away down in the grass  
The crickets chirp quite clear;  
"The summer days are going fast,  
September's almost here.  
We're giving you a warning note,—  
Get ready now for school;  
We're always sure to be in time,—  
That is a cricket's rule."

## MOCKING-BIRDS OF FLORIDA

LESLIE CLARE MANCHESTER

**T**HERE'S a song among the blossoms  
Of the fragrant orange trees;  
And it ripples o'er the waters  
Where the cypress to their knees  
Wade along the winding river  
As in majesty it flows;  
There's a carol in the sunlight  
Kissing orange bloom and rose!

It's a song of Southern summers  
And it thrills the Southern heart!  
Born it is of oleanders  
In the country-side and mart;  
Born it is of sweet magnolias  
By the hammock and the knoll!  
And it's there against the sunrise;  
There beneath the moon's white bowl!

'Tis the mocking-bird that's singing  
In the flow'ry days of spring;  
'Tis his clear song ringing, ringing  
Where the yellow jasmynes cling!  
And I listen from my casement  
Gazing toward the starry west,  
Taking with me out to dreamland  
Notes the sweetest and the best!

## TWO VIEWS

DAVID WHARTON

**I** KNOW a woman who has an abundance of this world's goods. Among other things, she owns a large apartment house. She has a few chickens, probably two or three dozen. It costs her practically nothing to feed them, as she gets the scraps from all the tenants in her apartments. A pigeon, a pretty white fellow who had lost his mate, was in the habit of flying down in her yard and sharing the food of the chickens, to which the chickens did not object in the least. However, it hurt the puny soul of the woman to think that something which did not belong to her should even eat a few crumbs in her yard. She talked of having the pigeon killed. "But why," I asked, "what harm does the lonely little fellow do? There is enough for all," I added.

"Of course there is enough," she answered, "but I don't propose to feed something that does not belong to me."

So one day she had him killed.

Shortly afterward I was visiting a friend who has a tiny house on the rear of this woman's premises. She rents this little house to a man, poor and old, and hardly able to keep soul and body together. However, he has a cat which he loves and feeds carefully before going to work in the mornings, and again at night. One morning, as he was feeding his cat, two lean and hungry-looking felines came sidling up, looking, oh, so longingly at the food of the feeding cat. Without a word, the old man stepped inside his door and presently came out with a bowl of milk, which he put down in front of the two unbidden guests. Needless to say, they lapped it up in short order.

"How can you afford to feed so many cats?" I asked wonderingly, "with milk as high as it is?"

"Well, you see," he replied, "I don't need very much myself, and it's such a privilege to be allowed to feed something that is hungry. I would much rather they should have it than to have it myself."

Happy old man with a heart of gold, and poor rich woman with a heart of stone!

## THE HORSE'S VACATION—AN APPEAL

Who will give some tired, foot-sore horse a vacation this year?

He who has seen one of these patient servants turned out to pasture, for the first time in years, will never forget the seeming joy the poor creature has manifested when he found the soft earth beneath his feet, and knew the luxury of rolling on the cool, green grass.

Is this to be all the Heaven these road-weary toilers are ever to know? At least let us give them this here and now.

Three dollars and a half will mean seven days of rest and comfort for some horse taken from the hard pavement, at the Nevins Rest Home of the Massachusetts S. P. C. A., at Methuen.

Our readers are urged to clip from *Our Dumb Animals* various articles and request their local editors to republish. Copies so mutilated will be made good by us on application.

## TO OUR FRIENDS

In making your will, kindly bear in mind that the corporate title of our Society is "The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals"; that it is the second incorporated (March, 1868) Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals in the country, and that it has no connection with any other Society of a similar character.

Any bequest especially intended for the benefit of the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital should, nevertheless, be made to the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals "for the use of the Hospital," as the Hospital is not incorporated, but is the property of that Society and is conducted by it.

## FORM OF BEQUEST

I do hereby give, devise and bequeath to The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals (or, to the American Humane Education Society), incorporated by special Act of the Legislature of Massachusetts, the sum of ..... dollars, (or if other property, describe the property).

## OUR DUMB ANIMALS

Founded by Geo. T. Angell in 1868

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## TERMS

One dollar per year. Postage free to all parts of the United States.

Humane societies are invited to correspond with us for terms on large orders.

All dollar subscriptions sent direct to the office entitle the sender to membership in either of our two Societies.

## RATES OF MEMBERSHIP IN

## THE AMERICAN HUMANE EDUCATION SOCIETY OR THE MASSACHUSETTS S. P. C. A.

Active Life	\$100 00	Associate Annual	\$5 00
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For sale by the American Humane Education Society, and the Massachusetts S. P. C. A., at 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston 17, Mass., at these prices, postpaid. (Titles in bold-face are of books.)

*Our Dumb Animals*, Vol. 53, June, 1920-May, 1921, \$1.25

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